

Baxter Springs News

CHAS. L. SMITH, Editor & Owner.

BAXTER SPRINGS - KANSAS

Every time news gets dull Hetty Green quits her \$19 fat in Hoboken.

There never was anything alluring about a siren whistle on an automobile.

One may become opulent now either by raising a pig or a patch of potatoes.

Connecticut has a big crop of peaches this year—not wooden ones, either.

Small boys used to hang around the circus. Now they hang around the hangars.

In the opinion of the copy reader, life is just one dinged war scare after another.

During the aviation meet the man with the large Adam's apple will be among those prominent.

A New York woman has an anklet that cost \$25,000. Something put by for a rainy day, we presume.

If there are any air records that need to be broken flying men are invited to go as far as they like.

A woman has been put in jail at Tuscorara, Pa., for throwing a stone at a hen. She must have hit something else.

The new comet can be seen in the early morning hours, say about three o'clock. Few, however, hurry up to see it.

Chicago is now talking about a 101-story skyscraper. The proposed one in New York must be eclipsed in some way.

Pittsburgh has decided to quit dropping her "h." It is hoped England may not decide to regard this as an unfriendly act.

When a farmer drives into town with a load of potatoes he may be considered guilty of an unnecessary display of wealth.

Former Pittsburgh is now "Pittsburgh." The Pittsburghers have picked up the H that some careless person dropped years ago.

Many a man, after a week's vacation, is willing to testify that he passed ten days of the time buttoning up his wife's dress.

Scientists may be able to photograph the soul, but they would have a hard time trying to photograph the average citizen's bank roll.

A New Jersey man wants a divorce because his wife, aged 60, is a flirt. At 60 flirting ceases to be a disgrace; it becomes an accomplishment.

If all California plums were as delicious to the palate as they are delightful to the eye how rich the fruit dealers would speedily become!

A bishop tells us that to be good in Chicago is to be lonesome, but we have never met a Chicagoan who appeared to be particularly lonesome.

The police force of Evansville, Ind., had to arrest a swarm of bees the other day after the insects had settled upon a fence post. As has been previously said, the policeman's lot is not a happy one.

We have it on the word of a Kansas fisherman that a catfish will purr when its scales are stroked the right way. If the scales are stroked the wrong way we presume that it will hiss and scratch.

Vacations have not lost their popularity despite the ridicule of pesky paragraphers. We know of one man who sprained his arm in order to get one.

Doctors have discovered the human aura. When a patient dies the doctors will probably consider themselves justified in sending in a bill for the removal of the aura.

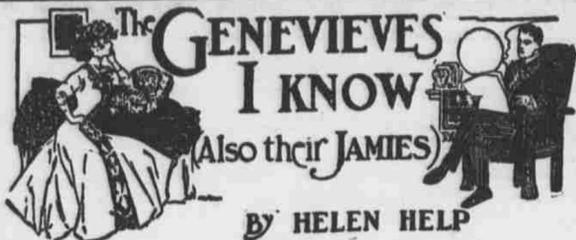
Aeroplane flights over cities must be discontinued, according to the edict of the aero club. It ruffles an aviator's dignity to be caught by the seat of his apparel on a church steeple.

Chicago is framing its street-car conductors to be polite to the public by offering prizes. Consequently, citizens of that enterprising town can board cars without being ordered to step lively.

The man who intends to swim across the Atlantic ocean promises that he will start Feb. 13, 1913. It will have to be admitted that he is not superstitious, however faulty his judgment of the public's needs may be.

A Chicago taxicab driver who has made \$11,000 in a Los Angeles real-estate deal has decided to cling to his job here. Evidently he is one of the people who have decided that \$11,000 can not be considered a fortune.

A man was arrested by a conductor the other day for drinking whisky from a bottle on a train in southern Illinois. The drinker tried to escape by crawling through a car window, but he was so fat that he could not get out. Fat people continue to labor under serious disadvantages.



The Genevieve Who Caught a Sport

You may as well make up your mind to it dear, if you happen to marry a thorough-paced sport you have got to stay on your pedestal.

That was a queer thing to hear a nice, middle-aged lady say with an acute expression of disgust and disappointment, wasn't it?

"I know just what I am talking about, because I tried it," she continued, and her eyes grew reminiscent and a trifle amused. Then I seemed to remember.

Genevieve was her name. She amazed me once, years and years ago, by trying to induce her friends to call her Jinny. Not even Jenny, mind you, but Jinny. And, of all things on



"But His Real Business Was With the Ponies."

earth, she married a James who played the ponies.

What does "playing the ponies" mean? Well, little dears, it means that James thought he knew about the trot horses, the thoroughbred peggies, the slim, bright-coated, frisky fellows who are the first essentials in the "sport of kings," which is so likely to die of starvation these days because other sports have it outclassed.

Also her James trifled with the tiger. No, dears, he wasn't a lion tamer by profession. In fact, the tiger sometimes had him quite tame. But his real business was with the ponies. Their light feet tap-tapped through his waking dreams and his sleeping dreams, and quite frequently they became golden realities. Because James was in the know.

But when Genevieve married her James she did so after his days of taking a chance were over. He promised himself on his wedding day that he would never make another bet, and when James made a promise it was a perfectly good promise. He kept it even to his own hurt, because James was a true sport.

Genevieve fancied, poor child, when she married this James who played the ponies that she was going to get clear away from the Genevieve-ness which had environed her maiden days and be Jinny, just like she had dreamed. But she found that when they went to a musical comedy and James laughed a big, good-natured laugh and knew the songs right away, so that he sang them in a high tenor voice as soon as ever they got home. No, he did not sing them at the show. Have I not already specified that James was a true sport?

James had a golden tenor voice that would have made anything sound good, so Genevieve rather enjoyed the musical comedy and its repetition at home. But after they had heard the songs and laughed their little laugh, they used to go to a quiet little cafe or a drug store or some similarly reposeful spot and have ice cream soda or ginger ale. She found that James never drank anything stronger than ginger ale.

"Like it? Of course, I like it well enough," when she asked him if he liked wine. "But I never did think drinking was right. And as for the women who drink in restaurants, I wouldn't like you speak to one of that tribe."

And from the shut of his handsome mouth it was evident that he meant it. So this race horsey James never drank.

"No, I do not care for salads," said James, when Genevieve proposed adding the mixing of a real, masculine adored salad to her culinary accomplishments. "I never did care for salads. Just holl your cabbage in clear water and make a little cream sauce for it. That and a rice pudding suit me better than any fancy dishes."

Another idol shattered! No mixed drinks, no mixed eats! And yet he had, as he said, "batted around" many, many years!

Then it began to be rather an effort to get James to go out evenings.

"I love my little home," said he. "I always loved my little home in my boyhood days." At last, you couldn't hoist him out of his little home, evenings, without a dynamite bomb.

"I don't think much of that brilliant friend of yours, Genevieve," said he, one evening, after entertaining at dinner a charming woman whose conversation had all the titillation of a dry Martini and a bit of the color of a Manhattan. "She seems to me to put on a good deal. Mrs. Brown, next door, is far pleasanter—don't you think so?"

"Well, Genevieve did think so. She had asked her brilliant friend because she thought James would be interested. But James liked the plain little house-mother better. And then he chatted a little about the sort of woman he liked.

"If you had showed any of those ways," he said, after again discussing the brilliant friend, "I never would have thought of liking you." (This strange James seldom said "love." It looked a rather big thing to him—love.) "It was because you were so well-tired and so reserved that you attracted me. That other sort is never straight."

And you may be just as sure as ever you can be that the type of man I am telling you about devoutly holds the same opinion, for the type is very narrow. Frequently the opinion is altogether wrong, but, like all other opinions, not always.

Then Genevieve realized with a shudder that she had escaped a precept when she had reserved her desire to be called Jinny till she knew her husband better. She knew that she was doomed to be a Genevieve of the strictest sect all the rest of her life, or until she wore black for James—and she did not in the least want to see that day, because he was very big and handsome and she—liked him.

"So," said Genevieve, "I began to watch the wives of my husband's friends. And I found that those of them who were trusted and honored, whose husbands' eyes had the right sort of look at them, were the angel-women. And if they weren't, they had sense enough to look like it.

"Stay on my pedestal! You may be sure I stayed on my pedestal. James never for a moment dreamed that I had ever in all my life longed to be called Jinny. It was rather silly of me. Nature marked me for



"I Love My Little Home," Said He

Genevieve. Nature has marked many Jinny's for Genevieve, if they had sense enough to keep to nature.

"And mind, I tell you, if you want a husband who wants his wife to be a good fellow, do not marry a sport. He would prefer to have his good mother."

And I wouldn't advise Jenny or Janey or Genevieve to marry a sport, anyway! They don't all turn out to be naturally house-broken.

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Spider's Way of Hatching Eggs.

Spiders are among the most intelligent of creatures. Many of the things they do seem incompatible with mere instinct. The skill with which they build their webs, for example, is worthy of the most expert engineer. There is a family of spiders called by scientists the Lycosidae, or wolf-spiders which are common in many places and which have been closely observed in the south of France by J. H. Fabre, the aged entomologist, who is the greatest living authority on insect life.

A photograph was taken by him of a female lycosa sitting at the entrance to her nest, holding in her claws the envelope of fine silk which contains her eggs. She is lifting it up in the sunlight, and she keeps turning it round and round in order that the warmth of the sun may penetrate it on all sides and thus hatch the eggs.

The "Bonnichon"



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THIS dainty confection is of Parisian origin and American adoption. It has been introduced to wear with lingerie gowns and to take the place of a hat with theater or lawn party costumes. Indeed, it may be worn with any smart and pretty toilette.

The one shown in the picture has a foundation of lace net with foamy frills of lace and little pink roses. At one side the roses are grouped so

as to form a buckle shape. The bonnichon is youthful, becoming and dressy. In the gown shown in the picture, the Russian motif is charmingly emphasized. The material is white Japanese crepe decorated with black and white striped marquisette. The tunic, in Russian style also, is of the same materials. Pink roses add a touch of delicate color, in such a manner as to bring out the rose note in the trimming design.

SKIRTS CLEAR THE GROUND

Recent Models Show There is No Danger of a Return to the Trailing Draperies.

The effort of dressmakers now is to have dresses as practical as possible. The constantly recurring rumor that long skirts are to take the place of the more comfortable short ones for the street is soon silenced by the appearance of many new models for street gowns all with skirts to clear the ground. For the house the long skirt is always the smartest, and—although last winter there were many short house gowns even of the most elaborate order—the fashion never met with general approval, and is now passing.

Long trains for the evening are far more becoming and more appropriate for gowns of expensive material. A low-neck dress requires a long skirt if it is to be becoming. A short skirt for the street and a long skirt for the house is a good rule to follow. Two inches from the floor is the correct short skirt length.—Harper's Bazar.

MAKES A HANDY WORKBAG

Useful Article That May Be Fashioned at Small Expense From Two Fancy Handkerchiefs.

A pretty workbag is made with two fancy handkerchiefs, men's size, laid one on top of the other so as to have the eight corners separate.

Stitch across the corners of the uppermost handkerchief, running the line of stitching to the center. This will make four straight lines of stitching all the way across the bag and will also leave four open edges forming triangular pockets in which to put thread, scissors, needles, etc. Sew small rings at each point where the stitching meets the edge and run ribbon through these rings so the bag can be drawn up tight. The prettiest bags are made of a plain and a fancy handkerchief in contrasting colors. Have the ribbon long enough so the bag can be laid out flat on your lap when in use.

Hoods on Coats.

Instead of a sailor collar, the new thing is to have a V-shaped hood on the back of the coat. It runs over in long ends in front and is then caught with an ornament or a flat silk bow.

The hood is of lace; that is, heavy lace, or eyelid embroidery, or old-fashioned batiste. It is edged with a scallop and finished with a heavy tassel made of white silk or linen floss. These are put on all the summer suits and are being shown on the best of the new cloth coats.

OF BLUE POPLIN.



Silk poplin in a lovely shade of Dutch blue was chosen for this pretty frock, which might, of course, be developed in any other dainty color or in white. The arrangement of braiding on the skirt suggests a hip length bodice, though as a matter of fact the bodice ends beneath the shaped girdle. The soutache braiding is in the Dutch blue shade and the design is simple—a running border of loops enclosing embroidered dots, done with blue silk. At the neck a yoke of creamy eyelid embroidery through which is run black velvet ribbon, adds a special touch of smartness.

Smart Watches.

Jeweled watches are a toy of the moment. The best of these are enameled, often in pale pink or pale green, with either one diamond in the center or else surrounded by small diamonds. The smart watch of today has a chain attached and is worn on the neck as a pendant. The face of the watch is, of course, at the back of the ornament. And some of these dainty toys are first-rate timekeepers.

Mending a Sweater.

To mend a hole in a sweater use yarn as for darning, start at the top and chainstitch down the length of the hole with a darning needle, catching each loop securely.

You will have a neat piece of work and no one will notice where the hole had been.

GREW STEADILY WORSE.

Chicago Woman Experiences Terrible Suffering from Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Emma Kunze, 1649 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill., says: "A crick took me in my back and the pain was so terrible I could not straighten. I



was confined to bed and could not turn without assistance. I grew enough better to sit up but began to suffer from rheumatic pains, so bad I often cried out. Kidneys were in dreadful condition and secretions suppressed. Finally I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was cured. My health is now fine and my kidneys act perfectly."

"When Your Back is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S."

For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Senate of Lawyers.

In the senate of the United States there are 61 lawyers, five bankers, eight business men, four farmers, three journalists, two mine operators, two manufacturers, one author, one doctor and four members whose callings are not given. Of the four farmers, two are from the same state, South Carolina. They are Tillman and Smith. The lawyers clearly outnumber all others.

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Lewis' Single Binder, extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars.

Sincerity is the saving merit now and always.—Carlyle.

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